WHEN LOVE IS TRUE.

When love is true, no test it needs,
And from such does recoil.
In confidence were sown its seeds
And confidence the fruitage breeds,
And jealousy and doubts are weeds
That spring from different soil.

When love is true, it seeks no test,
Nay, scorns to one impose;
If rankling fears thy heart infest,
Rest thou assured thy bosom's guest
Is only love in name at best
And one of true love's subtlest foes.

When love is true, to love is right;
It is the prize of heaven
Dropp'd in the heart that makes it light,
The sieve that sifts the soul pure white,
The God-illumin'd beacon light
That points the nearest road to Heaven.

THE VEILED WOMAN.

WHO was she? I had heard of the strange doings of a mysterious woman who flitted like a shadow through the city's streets at nightfall, entering the dwellings of the sick, a voluntary watcher by the shrouded forms of the dead, a dark-robed follower of funerals. I had heard of her, and confess that the tales told me by my garrulous landlady were not greatly in her favor.

"There's lots of mystery about that woman," said Mrs. Hodges, as she poured my coffee one morning, "for they do say that she sees sperrits, an' is never so much enjoyin' of herself as when she is sittin' up with a corpse. An' then that long black veil she wears! They say it's a sign she belongs to some secret society of sperrits that nobody knows nothin' about, and they don't 'low her to show her face, though I don't 'b'leve the poor soul does any harm."

My curiosity was aroused, but though I plied my landlady with questions, I failed to elicit any more definite information regarding this strange woman than is contained in the foregoing paragraph.

But I inwardly resolved to know more about her when I became better acquainted in the town. I was never bold and curious enough to wish for a meeting that came when I least expected.

I had but recently arrived in the town; I knew no one save my landlady and the man who roomed with me, and I saw the latter so seldom that I can hardly say we were well acquainted. The little I saw of him, however, convinced me that he was a gambler. He never confided his affairs to me, but his habit of spending his nights away from home, his bouyant spirits when he would enter the room one morning, and the gloom which seemed to possess him the next, plainly betrayed his character.

I remember that he knocked at the door somewhat earlier than usual one night. I was reading and was just prepared to retire. Without a word he drew a chair near the fire, sat down, and looking steadfast at the coals in the grate, seemed lost in meditation. I rudely broke his reverie with a question:

"Did you ever see this mysterious woman about whom there is so much talk, who goes in mourning and wears a sad face the year round?" I asked.

He frowned and seemed annoyed at the question. "Yes," he answernd, "a crazy hag that haunts the streets nights, frightening little children and furnishing old women with a theme for gossip over their teacups."

"Then there is nothing remarkable about her after all," I said in a tone of inquiry.

"I don't care to discuss her," he replied. "I have other things to think about just now. I lost $500 to-night."

"In the street?"

"I suppose so," was the reply. It amounts to the same thing. My cursed luck was—"

The sentence was unfinished. There was a knock at the door—a quick, excited rap, I might call it—and my companion arose and opened it, and the full, bright light from within revealed to my astonished gaze the black-robed form of a woman. I leaned forward to get a glimpse of her face, but a black veil hid it from view. But I noticed the face of the man who opened the door on this dreary figure. It was livid with rage. Great knotted lines deformed his brow, and I thought I heard a muffled oath escape his lips. Then the woman, stepping back into the shadow and whispering hoarsely said: "I thought you were alone. You wanted to see me. For God's sake come into the street!"

He closed the door, and without addressing a word of explanation to me seized his hat and went out into the night.

I could not have sat still in that room after that, if my life had depended on it. The mystery of that meeting comple ely mastered me, and I was determined to fathom it.

Out into the dark I followed them, my slippered feet making no sound upon the stony street. On they went—strange dark figures, darker than the night whose few, feeble stars shown indistinctly in a gloomy sky. On they went, and still I followed, with step as noiseless as that of fate. I could faintly hear their voices in the distance, but could distinguish no word that was said.

How far I followed them I know not. Once or twice I saw the woman pause, but the man motioned her on, and she continued at his side until a grove which served the city as a park, lying still and gloomy on the outskirts was reached, and they entered and stood under the shadow of the trees.

I crouched behind a hedge and listened.

"Once for all," said the man, "will you leave this town and swear to follow me no more?"

"I can not," said the woman piteously, "because I love you! Oh, John!" she cried, as she fell on her knees at his feet, "have mercy on me! Think of all I have suffered for you, and take me into the shelter of your love again!"

"A curse on your love," he cried. It has been a curse to me. You are a blight to my life. What are you kneeling there for?" And he spurned her with his foot. She rose weeping. When the man grasping her arm and hissing the words in her ear, said:

"I swear I will kill you if you cross my path again!"

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "my burden is heavier than I can bear! Only let me see my children once more, and you can take my life if you will!"

"You shall never see them!" said the man. "You have disgraced them as you have disgraced me. They are dead to you for ever."

She uttered a cry, like that of a lost soul, and fell heavily to the ground.

She lay there moaning and motionless. I saw him glance furtively around, as if he feared that he was seen. Then he bent down.

I saw his finger on the woman's throat—there was a struggle and a stifled cry, and—I sprang from my hiding-place with a cry of horror on my lips, the blood in my veins boiling with rage and indignation. I rushed forward. The wretch fled at my approach, stooping to shield himself from detection as he ran. I raised the woman in my arms; the print of his cruel fingers were on her white throat; but the villain had not killed her, though she lay in my arms as one dead.

"Help! Murder!" I shouted, and an echo came back through the gloomy woods: "Help! Murder!"

* * * * * * *

I heard the sound of hurried footsteps approaching. Was the would-be murderer coming back to try his strength with me! The figure of a man came rapidly towards us. I caught the gleam of a silver badge on his breast, and I knew that help was at hand.

"What's up?" asked the almost breathless officer, as he peered first in the woman's face and then in mine.

In a quick, excited manner I told him the story. He listened, and looked at me suspiciously.

The woman was breathing hard. "Loosen her dress at the throat," he cried, as he tugged at it nervously. "But, good God! we are a mile from the station, and she may die before we get there!"

Tenderly, but swiftly we bore her along, until we reached our destination. We laid her gently down upon a cot in one of the officer's room. As the chief came forward and saw the woman's face, he exclaimed: "Why, I should know this woman. She is the mysterious creature of whom there has been so much talk in the city. Go for a physician—quick! Is this the wretch who did this devil's work?"

He grasped me by the wrist and peered into my face.

"No!" I cried, indignantly, "It was owing to my efforts that the woman lives now. I was only a witness to it."

Here the officer briefly recounted the circumstances of his meeting with me.

"I must place you under arrest," said the Chief, "until we can get better evidence of your innocence than you have given. Take him to a cell and lock him up."

"I am not guilty of this foul crime," I cried. "Come with me and I will lay my hands upon the guilty man."

By this time a physician had arrived, and accompanied by the same officer who had answered my call in the grove, I went to the house where I lodged.

The first gray streaks of dawn were in the east when we reached it. We entered the outer door with a night key which I carried in my pocket. The door of my room was locked. That was enough. The man we wanted was within.

"Who is there?" he asked in a hoarse voice.

"It is I—your room-mate," I answered.

The door was opened. The officer stood behind me in the shadow. He entered with me. "That is the man," I said, pointing at him."

He sprang forward and raised his hand to strike me, but the officer leveled a pistol at his head and bade him hold up his hands. In the twinkling of an eye the steel bracelets were on his wrists, and cursing all knowledge of the crime with which I accused him, he was marched to the station.

* * * * * * *

The woman lay there, moaning and raving in delirium. He was brought to her side. She shrieked as she caught a wild glimpse of his face.

"Don't kill me, John, don't kill me! Don't kill me, because I love you!" she cried.

"It is enough," said the chief. "Take him to a cell."

"I didn't mean to kill her," he said, as he cast one remorseful glance upon the pale face, before he was led away, "but she has wrecked my life, and she deserves to die."

My story is quickly told: The woman died that night, on that cot of straw in the station-house. Died raving, but blessing the hand that sought her life. I knelt by her side when the breath had left her lips forever, I asked the physician to explain the mystery of her life.

"Few know," he said, "the story of her life, but it is familiar to me, and has been for months past. She volunteered to nurse the sick at the hospital, and while there she confided to me her melancholy story. The man who murdered her is her husband. He is a gambler. He made her young life miserable—treated her like a dog. She was beautiful as you can see now. Driven to despair by his cruelty, she listened to the persuasions of a man who had known and loved her before marriage with this fellow, and finally fled with him to a distant state. Her old love for this brute returning, and perhaps the desire to see her children again, she returned and sought forgiveness. Few know what she suffered; few know what good she has accomplished. To those who did not know her she was a woman of mystery, and her somber habiliments, her visits to the sick, her vigils by the dead, her hidden life aroused the fear and superstition of ignorant. She has kept as close to this man as she could for two years past, for he had hidden away her two children and she doubtless hoped to obtain from him some information of them. Besides, as I said, she loved him. It is a strange tale of sin and suffering and love and sorrow."

He ceased, and as we folded the white hands prayer-wise over the silent bosom, I said:

"She has loved and suffered much, and should be much forgiven."—Atlanta Constitution.

The Heat of the Sun.

From Good Words.

There seems to be sufficient reason for the belief that the heat at present emitted from the sun is neither greater nor less than that which our luminary used to dispense ages ago. Where the vine and the olive now grow the vine and the olive were growing twenty centuries back. We must not, however, place too strong a reliance on the deduction from such a fact. Darwin has taught us how, by natural selection an organism can preserve its adaptation notwithstanding the gradual change of the surrounding conditions. The facts, however, fail to show any grounds for imagining that there have been changes in the climates of the earth within historic times.

We have geological evidence as to the character of the climates which prevailed at remote antiquity far earlier than any historical testimony. The records of the rocks show us unquestionably that our glo be has passed through many striking vicissitudes of heat and cold. Those records demonstrate that there have been periods during which some of the fairest regions of this globe were desolated by a frost so frightful that they became thickly cased with solid ice. There have also been periods when conditions of a precisely opposite character have prevailed. Those polar regions which are now the perennial abode of impenetrable ice have once enjoyed a succession of long and delightful summers, divided by winters remarkable alike for their brevity and their mildness. Arctic solitude, now so dismal and so barren, then nourished plants and animals that can only thrive under genial conditions of climate.

He Concluded to Live.

It is a strange fact that the average newspaper man is superstitious to a degree. Why this should be so no one knows. One of the craft, who looks to be healthy enough, was around town on his work the other day and he ran across Frank Hill, Chicago's coffin king, who was at one time at the head of the ill fated Thirteen club. In the course of a chat with a few mutual friends the scribe ventured the opinion that he would not live long. Every one laughed at such a hallucination on his part and tried to cheer him up. Finally Mr. Hill came to the rescue and took a hand in the discussion. He regarded the matter from a business point of view. Don't die so soon, my boy," he urged. "You just wait until our new spring style of casket comes out and then I'll give you a daisy at first cost." Hereupon the scribe gave up the idea of dying and concluded to live. He did not want a business matter made of it.

Awful Consequences of Impetuosity.

"Emersonia, my daughter," inquired the stately matron, "why did Mr. Brodweigh leave so early last evening? Have you and he quarreled?"

"Mamma," replied Miss Howjames, "Mr. Brodweigh kissed me last evening with such unseemly vehemence that he disarranged my spectacles. I have dismissed him forever."

And the proud Boston girl, pale but sternly resolute, turned again to her volume of Aristotle, and a deep, decorous, classically Bostonian stillness prevaded the apartment.—Chicago Tribune.

West Pointers Never Smile.

Now, strange as it may seem, smiling is something totally against the rules. No man ever dreams of smiling at anything, no matter how ludicrous, when he has been in the West Point academy a few weeks. The face is required to have a stony, expressionless stare, the eyes fixed as if in a trance, gazing on futurity. The head is thrown back, the arms held rigidly, the body straight, and this is the attitude of "attention," which is expected to be the normal condition of a cadet, except when speaking with his own or with lower classmen.—Cor. Philadelphia Times.

HEARD IT BEFORE.

You tell him a joke you relied on as new
He smiles in a wearisome way.
From a comedy new you recite him a bit,
He says he saw that at the play.
You give him a story that never yet failed
To set all who heard in a roar:
He nods half approval and turns him away,
And murmers, "I've heard it before."

The girl whom you woo in your tenderest tone,
Whose heart you are seeking to gain,
Listens coldly to all you may have to protest,
Seeming only to wish you'd refrain.
You seek for some phrase not totally trite.
And e'en the thesaurus explore,
It's all of no use, and you bid her good-bye—
You see she has heard it before.

How sad it must be to go onward like this,
With nothing on earth to enjoy,
And never make any one happy yourself,
And only find things to annoy.
His life like an orange whose juices are gone,
'Tis a dry, empty shell, and no more;
Alas! he is much to be pitied, not blamed—
The man who has heard it before.

--Washington Post.

MEDICINE FOR PESSIMISTS.

ONE of the many neat things now fitting from newspaper to newspaper is this: "Cure for pessimism—a dose of the last century."

I believe it; but it is hard to compress the last century into a convenient dose for the healing of a sick and discouraged soul. It is not difficult to learn many bad things of that century. Bad things, such as crimes and disasters, being exceptional, are apt to be recorded and repeated, while virtuous deeds and orderly living, being the rule all over the world and in every age, escape notice and pass into oblivion. In the middle of Africa, despite the savagery of which we hear so much, there must be long intervals of comparative peace and tolerable behavior; else children could be reared and the race preserved.

In some particulars all the centuries are much alike, even in features supposed to be peculiar to our time. Always, for example, there have been what we now call labor troubles, i. e. sharp contentions between those who pay wages and those who receive them. From the pyramids to the Eiffel tower, we can not find a century free from that painful antagonism of interests. In Henry the Eighth's time, the tramp question was, perhaps, more ominous and difficult than it has ever been since. In 1770, a crowd of hatters in London, as we read in the old newspapers, laid hands upon one of their fellows and convicted him, after a rough trial, of working overtime without extra payment and of working for wages under the usual rate. They compelled him to mount a donkey formed a procession and led him through all the parts of the city where there were hat shops. A man marched in front of him carrying a banner on which his offenses were inscribed. Behind him walked a number of boys beating shovels with sticks by way of music. The procession halted before every manufactory of hats and compelled the men to leave off their work until their wages were raised.

In the matter of huge catastrophes, also, there is a curious similarity between the centuries. If we have our cyclones and floods, so did the people of former ages, to say nothing of such direful events as the Lisbon earthquake. Even the Johnstown flood was scarcely more destructive of life than the panic which occurred in Paris during the marriage festivities of Marie Antoinette, when some of the fireworks went wrong, and threw sheets of fire among the people. In the crush that followed, there thousand people were killed, wounded or otherwise injured.

Nor am I so sure that we claim superiority for the last century in suppressing robbery. The exploits of the footpad were highly picturesque and interesting, but sometimes when they robbed the mail, there was nothing to steal but two shillings belonging to the boy who carried the mail, and the cap which he wore on his head. Some of our train robberies and bank robberies have probably yielded a larger sum than was stolen on the highway during the whole reign of George the Third. The highway robbers, however, furnished to the local press narratives of the most striking description. It happened more than once that a bold traveler had two conflicts with highwaymen in the same hour, and came off victorious from both. There are men now living in London, who remember hearing their own fathers speak of the time when business men living a few miles out of town would meet every afternoon at a certain hour, and make the journey in company for mutual protection against robbers.

On the other hand, we have learned that excessive severity of punishment does not deter men from committing crime. Those were the very days when it was not unusual to see half a dozen cartloads of criminals carried through London streets to Tyburn for execution, many of them singing ribald songs all the way. At one session of the Old Baily, thirty convicts received sentence of death. Among these were four girls, the oldest not seventeen, all sentenced for highway robbery. One of the girls was executed, and she dressed to the occasion. She appeared in the cart "dressed in white with black trimmings," and her coffin laid across the cart railings.

It was a common thing for a cartload of mere boys to be taken to execution, and it was noted at the time that the boys succeeded better than the older criminals in pretending not to mind it. They exchanged jokes with persons in the crowd, sang in concert, and were supposed, in so doing, to show a "game" spirit. Including the crowd that lined the streets and that which surrounded the scaffold, it is thought that there were sometimes a hundred thousand spectators of these scenes. It required a half a century of agitation to get this system of punishment radically changed, though it obviously had no effect in diminishing crime. A handful of mounted police finally accomblished what the hangman had failed to do for centuries—put an end to highway robbery.

The hangman is a large and bitter ingredient in the "dose" mentioned above. The press gang was another. Here is a choice little paragraph from the journalism of 1770:

"This night there was a very hot press on the River Thames. They paid no regard to protection, but stripped every vessel of all their hands that were useful. They boarded the Glatton East Indiaman, but the crew made a stout defense, got on shore, they took upwards of seven hundred sailors."

Add to this the ravages of the small-pox and the plague, the general debauchery of the conspicuous classes, the barbarous medical practice, the condition of the prisons, imprisonment of debt, the brutal methods of educatson and the universal degradation of the masses through the homage paid to "rank."

Frederick the Great was a sensible man for a king. He paid a visit once toward the close of his life to the German Emperor. As the two monarchs rode side by side through the streets, most of the people knelt as they went by, and the monarchs made no objection. Much as we hear of despotism and cruelty in Russia, that empire is a paradise of delight at the present moment, compared with what it was in 1750. A French gentleman, member of the Academy of Sciences, in an official report upon the condition of Russia, made statements like these:

"The people dare not gamble with roubles which bear the impression of the sovereign. One cannot pass before the palace facing the emperor's apartments without pulling off one's hat. The nobility dare not come near the throne without fear and trembling. They are banished into Siberia for the slightest political intrigue and their estates confiscated. The mutual distrust in which people live in Russia, and the total silence of the nation upon everything which may have the least relation either to the government or the sovereign, arises chiefly from the privilege every Russian has of crying out in public, Slowo Dielo, i. e., I declare you guilty of high treason. All the bystanders are then obliged to assist in arresting the person thus accused."

The majority of the people, moreover, were then slaves. Under Catharine the Second, who was a woman of considerable sense and reading, the unhappy lot of the Russians was mitigated, but not radically or permanently.

Speaking of slavery, we should bear in mind, also, that the slave trade, toward the close of the last century, reached its most flourishing development, and few persons in Europe or America saw anything wrong in it. A young Englishman sailor named Edward Rushton, who had been a mate on board of slave-ships, and thus learned something of its iniquities, on his return to his native Liverpool, wrote some pieces describing and denouncing the traffic. He was ruined for his pains. One of his friends afterward wrote that, in 1787.

"To speak irreverently of the king, or even to deny the existence of a God, were, in the town of Liverpool, venial offenses when compared with the atrocity of condemning the sale and purchase of human flesh."

At that period, it was not unusual for fifty slave-ships to be moored at one time at the docks of Liverpool, laying in their supplies for another cruise.

I respectfully commend this "dose" to the pessimists. I cannot think of one human interest which is not in better condition than it was when General Washington was inaugurated president. We wear better clothes, eat better food, take better medicine, live in better houses, play at better games, read better books, work fewer hours and in better places, earn higher wages, pass better laws, think better thoughts, cherish better feelings, laugh more, cry less, live longer and live better in every way. Our region is purer; our politics are more intelligent and better tempered. A New York clerk upon a thousand dollars a year has at command nobler pleasures and higher life than was possible to any creature in Christendom, A. D. 1790.—James Parton in N. Y. Ledger.

In a Boston Street Car.

In a crowded Columbus avenue car. A stout woman, radiant in silks and diamonds, and with a florid complexion, denoting health or rouge, enters. Directly in front of where she stands sits a slim, pale youth with "consumption" written in every line of his careworn face.

The car sways to and fro and the woman sways with it. Each time she approaches his side of the car she almost smothers the young man in her furbelows. She looks down upon him from her stately height with a scornful air which says plainly, "Why are you not gentleman enough to give up your seat to me?"

He finally succumbs, evidently thinking it preferable to stand than have his life crushed out, and resigns his seat. A grayheaded old gentleman, with "solid man of Boston" stamped upon him has been watching the proceedings. As alert as a boy he springs to his feet. "Take my seat, my boy," he says, half kindly, half irascibly. "I'm far better able to stand than you are. As for that woman she looks strong enough to carry the car."—Boston Record.

Stealing One's Father-in-Law.

The frozen wastes about the Pole, where the Eskimo live, have their love tragedies, their Romeos and their Juliets.

A young seal-hunter loved the fair daughter of one of his richest neighbors. She returned his passion, but it was the old story—unalterable opposition on her father's side and the same article on the mother's with the usual feminine improvements thrown in.

Between the cake of ice on which the young sealer had erected his hut and the larger floe, which was preempted by the parents of his sweetheart, the cold had broken an impassable crevice some hundred feet or more in depth and twenty in width. Save for a single jutting fragment, just thick enough to bear little more than his own weight, his home was completely cut off from the world about him. This practical isolation inspired him.

He began storing up in his humble quarters oil blubber and other eatables sufficient for the support of two for at least six months. He had resolved to steal his bride and knew that if he gained his ice floe with her and broke down the bridge they were safe from trouble or pursuit for the Winter season, or until the warmer waters of the Summer moved the iceberg to closer contact. By that time he hoped the opposition of the parents would give way to pardon and reconciliation.

The Eskimo sleep together promiscuously on a raised snowbank on one side of the igloo or ice-house. Encased in their sealskin night-bags, with the huge protecting hood over the head and face, they are as comfortable as their natures require.

The youth waited outside the girl's home until he felt that all within were asleep. Then, creeping through the narrow entrance, he made his way toward his darling. He seized the long bag-like mass in which her fair form was encased, bore it triumphantly across the narrow bridge to his stronghold, and, ere the affrighted elders could pursue him, with his ax had cut down the ice bridge and was safe.

Not waiting to hear the objurgations of those on the other side of the abyss, he knelt beside the fluttering form of his heart's devotions, sure of a short period of bliss, at least, and anxiously dragged back the hood to catch a glimpse of her sweet face.

He had stolen his father-in-law.—Social Topics.

Bound to Have That Shoe.

An elegant coupe drawn by a pair of gayly caparisoned horses turned into Fourth avenue, coming east from Broadway by the way of Twenty-third street. On the box were a coachman and footman as well groomed and as stylishly bedecked as the steeds who drew milady comfortably ensconed inside the coupe.

Milady, by the way, was a particularly pretty young woman, with an aristocratic bearing.

As the carriage swept by the Lyceum theatre the fair patrician leaned out of the window and said a few words to the coachman, who promptly turned his horses and stopped them in the middle of the street. The moment the horses stood still the door was opened by milady herself, who, with a quick word to the footman to keep his place, set a dainty foot plump into the nasty mud, and stooping down, deftly raised a worn horse shoe from the mire and placed it upon the box. Then, with a nod to the coachman, she entered her carriage again, and the handsome equipage dashed off in the direction of Madison square.

It was another case of the superstition that horseshoes found by chance bring good luck if actually picked up and preserved by the fortunate finder.—New York Herald.

An Acoustic Tale.

A special to The New York World from Helena, Ark., dated April 24, says: John R. McGuire, Modoc Landing, says that during the high water he has been compelled to fell trees in order that his cows might sustain life browsing on the green leaves. The animals were always hungry and he had great trouble in driving them away to keep the oaks from falling on them. A few days ago there was a thunder storm and before it began to rain there was a clap of thunder that sounded exactly like a tree falling. Mr. McGuire's entire herd of cows rushed frantically towards the spot where it seemed the tree had fallen. Another and another clap followed in rapid succession and all the cattle put to the hill country, where they supposed trees were being cut down. Not one of them has been seen since.

English man Deeply Shocked

The Englishman will condone every dereliction except an infringement of custom and tradition. Talking together in the smoking room of the Hotel Metropole one evening not long ago, a party of gentlemen discussed the peculiarities of appetite. One of the party said he had seen, a few days previous, a friend eating mustard on his roast mutton. General surprise was expressed by the others in the party; one Englishman was deeply shocked, and I shall never forget the pathos, in his tones as he asked: "I beg your pardon, sir, but did the fellow live?"